Free Fall

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Free Fall

by DancingInTheStorm

Summary

Getting trapped in a time loop with All for One was the last thing Izuku wanted, but, well, here they were.

Izuku huddled down behind the shattered brick wall, Iida's arm pinning him in place. Beyond the wall, Izuku heard the sounds of Kacchan blasting his way free of the League. All for One was threatening All Might, voice low.

Izuku's brain spun in very old patterns, almost idly combining the Quirks around him into the best team-up. But Izuku was not an normal bystander watching a hero fight, this time; he was a hidden participant, about to enact a potentially deadly plan.

The plan was a good one, though. All the League's range attackers were out of commission, and All for One's range was suppressed by All Might. All he needed to do was get Kacchan out of range, and they were clear.

Hastily, he whispered his plan to the others. Hastily, they agreed.

Todoroki braced, preparing to create an ice cliff-ramp, and everyone else got into position. Blasting off, they soared above the battlefield, Kirishima shouting out to Kacchan as they leapt.

Iida's legs shifted ever so slightly, and the fire of his engines caught Izuku's legs full-on.

Startled more than anything, Izuku's grip on his classmate's hands slipped.

And

he

f e l l .

Down, down, down, and already Izuku was bracing for a harsh landing, One for All sliding up his body—

Someone caught him.

Izuku tried to scramble out of their arms, knowing that his fall had only forced All Might to stop fighting to catch him, knowing that a deadly strike could come at any moment, knowing that he was far outclassed in this fight—

The arms holding him just tightened as he tried to squirm out of their grip. "Well," All for One said, sickeningly close, and it was then Izuku realized who was holding him. He went limp with despair for a

moment only, then tried to aim a punch at the life-support mask so close to his fist.

But his arms were pinned down by All for One's embrace, and all he could do was squirm, helpless. From this position, using One for All would only break Izuku's arms.

"Let him *go* ," All Might was snarling. Behind All Might, Todoroki's ice exploded out, sweeping the field with a iceberg even more massive than the first.

Izuku twisted around to see Shigaraki, Twice, and Magne all descend on Todoroki and Yaoyorozu's hiding place. Izuku struggled harder, to no avail.

All for One laughed, the sound harsh. Izuku felt the tremors shake up his spine. "Why should I release him, All Might? He'll only destroy himself as soon as I let go."

Izuku struggled harder, breath coming in tight gasps. All for One was holding him. *All for One was holding him.* Yaoyorozu and Todoroki were in trouble. He had to get out, no matter the cost.

"Already, he considers destroying himself to get away from me," All for One continued, voice quiet. "What have you been teaching him, All Might?" The man shifted position, crushing Izuku against his chest. A hand laid itself on Izuku's head and the world went dark—

Izuku was falling, wind screaming past his ears. Someone caught him.

Terrified and confused, Izuku fought against All for One's crushing grip. What was going on?"

"Well," All for One murmured. When Izuku didn't move, paralyzed with confusion, the man continued. "Hello, little Izuku."

"Get off me," Izuku demanded, struggling.

"Mmm," All for One hummed, completely ignoring All Might's shouted demands. "And if I do, will you destroy yourself fighting me?"

"Get off," Izuku begged, near tears, near screaming.

To his surprise, All for One let go of Izuku's legs, allowing Izuku to slide into something like a standing position. A strong, unforgiving arm still wrapped around Izuku's own arms and torso, trapping him.

"You fight with your arms, little one," All for One murmured, chest pressed tight against Izuku's back. "Hold still and I won't harm you."

To Izuku's horror, tears blurred his vision and spilled down his cheeks. "Izuku!" All Might shouted, raw.

All for One's free hand ruffled Izuku's hair. "Now, All Might," he said, "I have your little successor. Will you destroy him and me both, or will you let us go?"

All Might charged, shouting something Izuku couldn't hear over the roaring in his ears. A cold hand pressed against his forehead—

Izuku was falling.

This time, Izuku twisted his body midair. He was still falling straight for All for One, but this time, he could kick the monster in the head. Powering up One for All, Izuku yanked on the Quirk, 100%.

Landing a hit on All for One was worth breaking his legs.

Black ooze caught in Izuku's lungs. He coughed, watching in horror as the ooze sucked him in—

—he was falling straight on top of All Might, Toga just a little off to the right. Izuku crushed off One for All, just in time.

All Might glanced up as Izuku fell. Izuku's eyes met All Might's, horrified and ashamed—

—All for One was *right there* , slamming a massive fist into All Might's side.

Izuku's fall was literally blown off course by the force of the punch. A ramp of ice cradled his landing. Todoroki. The ice ramp had full-on encased Toga, but Izuku barely noticed in his bolt toward All Might.

He was already too late. All for One was kneeling over All Might, fist in All Might's bloody stomach.

“Midoriya was going to destroy himself to hurt me,” All for One was hissing. “How much brainwashing did you need in order to teach him it was acceptable to die facing opponents?”

All Might mouthed something wordless, blood on his lips. Izuku, heart shattering, aimed a 100% punch at the life support tubes of All for One’s mask.

All for One spun, stood, and took the punch in the chest.

Nothing happened.

Izuku wobbled, focusing on his opponent past the firework pain in his arm, powering up One for All to maximum capacity.

“Have you learned nothing?” All for One snapped, voice echoing across the field. “You were never meant to face me, child.”

Ice crackled. All for One extended a hand and blasted it away. The blast took out the fragile wall fragment, displaying to all the world Todoroki and Yaoyorozu’s sprawled bodies. Unmoving.

Izuku screamed, charging.

All for One caught his arms, spun him around, and pressed a hand to Izuku’s writhing head.

Izuku was falling.

Izuku was crying. This was too much. What was going on?

All for One caught him. Izuku saw the flicker of ice extending from behind the wall, and shuddered. “No!” he shouted, holding perfectly still, giving All for One no reason to lash out. “Todoroki, stay back!”

All Might’s head spun to the crumbling wall. “Young Todoroki, leave this place!” Magne and Shigaraki stalked toward the flimsy wall, intent, and All Might was forced to go after them to protect Izuku’s classmates.

All for One set Izuku gently on his feet, like a doll arrayed to best effect. “Your care for your friends will be your undoing,” he murmured in Izuku’s ear.

Izuku laughed, scornful and hysterical and sharp. “Did you never care for your brother?”

All for One pressed a kiss to Izuku’s hair. “Family is different, little one.” A cold hand touched Izuku’s forehead—

Izuku was falling.

Again.

This time, he closed his eyes, let All for One catch him, and pinched himself hard.

It hurt.

He didn’t wake up.

Well, it was worth a shot.

He wasn’t going to engage, this loop. He was just going to catch his bearings, which were getting scrambled worse and worse by All for One’s behavior.

He lay there, limp, and tried to ignore All Might shouting for him, tried to ignore All for One cradling him closer, tried to ignore the pulse of heartbeat intimately close to his ear.

It didn’t really work, which meant that Izuku had just laid in the arms of a supervillain without even calming down—a plan that, once he thought about it, sounded really, really stupid.

He wished, badly, that this loop would reset so Izuku could pretend that he didn’t spend a solid three minutes spacing out in a supervillain’s arms. As if in response, a cool hand pressed to his forehead.

Izuku was falling.

Numbly, he twisted in the air to land just out of All for One’s reach. What had that last loop even meant? All he knew was that he couldn’t take much more of a supervillain cradling him.

“Midoriya!” All Might shouted, voice trembling. “Get out of here!”

Izuku, without looking, wound up a fist full of One for All and punched away Todoroki’s attempt at intervention. “Okay,” he said to the world at large. “Okay. This is a time loop, and it always resets after All for One touches my head. If I just stay away from him—“

The battle had ground to a stop around him. All Might was walking toward Izuku slowly, cautiously. All for One was watching Izuku, still as a statue. The League was following the stance of All for One. Todoroki had evidently taken the warning from what it was worth, since no more ice emerged, and Yaoyorozu had the sense to stay put and stay quiet.

“Why aren’t you killing me?” Izuku asked, almost conversationally. “I keep thinking you will, but you don’t. You probably should, you—“ He bit his tongue. He was about to say *you know I’m the Ninth* , but maybe All for One didn’t know, and Izuku wasn’t giving up that information needlessly for even one loop.

“Why should I?” All for One asked, spreading his hands wide. “You’re a child soldier—someone to be pitied, not destroyed.”

“Leave Midoriya out of this,” All Might growled, sounding truly terrifying. “Midoriya, come away.”

That was probably for the best, Izuku thought, edging away. If he could keep All for One from touching him, he might escape this. If only All for One didn’t insist on touching his forehead every loop—

A terrible thought struck Izuku. “You—All for One! You’re looping too!” Otherwise, how would All for One know to touch his forehead? Was All for One causing the time loop?

All for One paused. Stilled. Inclined his head. “As always, I underestimate you, Izuku.“

“Midoriya,” All Might said, voice low, “get away from him.”

“He’d have killed me by now if he wanted to,” Izuku said, not daring to look at All Might. “I need answers.”

“Midoriya,” All Might warned, which was the exact moment Todoroki decided to intervene. This time, Yaoyorozu joined him. Ice swept across the field, followed immediately by a smoke bomb that made Izuku buckle with coughs.

Someone grabbed the back of his shirt. Izuku blasted them away with a punch, thinking this was All for One come to hold him again.

But the weight against his fist was too light for All for One. Heart in his mouth, Izuku tried to soften the impact. Too late. As the smoke cleared, Izuku saw through stinging eyes Yaoyorozu, body flung out like a rag doll, still as death.

He—

He had—

Todoroki rushed over to her, checking for a pulse. His face went pale. Behind him, Shigaraki stalked toward Todoroki, hands out.

Izuku, tears streaming down his face, glanced around frantically for All for One to reset him. Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere—

Strong arms pulled Izuku into a bear hug, All for One's chest rising and falling steadily against Izuku's back. Izuku cracked, then and there, folding over on himself and sobbing.

(He didn't let himself think about how, for just a moment, his reaction to All for One's presence had been boneless relief.)

"Midoriya!" All Might called through the fading smoke. "Midoriya, where are—" He broke off. Izuku knew why. He had just found Yaoyorozu's body, Shouto's grief, Shigaraki's approach.

"Please," Izuku whispered, quiet so that no one but the man himself would hear Izuku beg to All for One. "Please, reset this timeline."

"Midoriya!" All Might had found him, sobbing into the arms of the enemy. "Let him go, you evil—"

"I'll reset the loop on one condition," All for One murmured into his ear. "Promise me that you'll seek me out next loop. We must talk together, you and I."

"I promise," Izuku whispered, too tired to even wipe the dripping snot off his face. "Please, just reset the timeline."

A hand, cool and gentle, found his forehead.

Izuku was falling.

He went limp with relief, only thinking at the last minute to twist away from All for One's outstretched arms.

He landed, mere feet from All for One, and watched All Might's face go pale with horror.

Nobody moved. From the corner of his eye, Izuku spotted ice crackling over the broken wall. Already, Toga's eyes were flickering toward Shouto and Yaoyorozu's hiding place.

Hesitantly, he took a step backward, straight into All for One's arms.

"Promise me you'll reset this," he gritted out, watching All Might's face crumple into betrayal.

"I promise," All for One said, sounding serious. "Come with me."

"Why are you even asking?" Izuku said, thinking firmly of Yaoyorozu, alive and well behind that wall. If this is what it took to keep her that way, he'd do it.

"My little brother never liked to be whisked away without permission. I thought to ask your consent as courtesy."

Izuku took a deep, trembling breath. "And if I say no?"

"Then we stand here and watch All Might fall to pieces," All for One said, perfectly calm. "It's your choice, Izuku."

"Stop using my given name," Izuku snapped. "It's impolite."

Before him, All Might's face tried to harden, but only crumpled further instead. "Izuku," he called out, voice breaking. "Izuku, come here."

All for One's arms tightened across Izuku.

Toga reached the wall, and was promptly encased in an iceberg. That caught the rest of the League's attention. Heads turned.

"Okay," Izuku said, hating himself even as he spoke the words. "Let's go."

The black ooze seized his lungs again. It felt like the Sludge Villain, like death. Izuku came out the other side coughing.

All for One was reluctant to release him. Izuku struggled against the man for the first time in loops.

(Wasn't that an unsettling thought.)

Tolerantly, All for One released Izuku, who shot out of the man's arms and nearly stumbled across a tree root.

"It would be better if I held you, it seems," All for One said, a trace of amusement in his voice. "Be careful."

And that—that sent Izuku on edge all over again. What was a supervillain doing, warning Izuku to be careful?

What was a supervillain doing, meaning the words? Because All for One did mean them—it was written in the way he held himself, in the way he said the words almost delicately.

"What do you want with me?" he demanded. "You obviously don't want me dead." Yet. At least so long as All for One didn't know he held One for All.

All for One leaned against a nearby tree, mask breathing in and out, in and out, like clockwork.

"What do you want?" Izuku snapped, trying to brush off the unsettling feeling of being in All for One's presence without any immediate ramifications.

"I want you to think carefully about your next steps," All for One said. "I was not lying when I called you a child soldier, little Izuku. That's not a life for you."

"I've always wanted to be a hero," Izuku said blankly. "Of course I want it."

"You don't," All for One hissed, and ah, there was the malice that had been lacking. "Have you seen what I did to All Might? Have you seen what he did to me?"

"I've seen what you did to All Might," Izuku said, grateful for the reminder that he was supposed to be hating this man. "You punched his stomach out." He glanced around, looking for an escape. All he saw was prairie for miles and miles. They were far, far out from any other people around. Just him and All for One. Just him and, according to All Might, his arch-nemesis.

All for One inclined his head. “I admit I was trying to kill him, and I admit that I regret my failure. Look what he did to me.”

He pushed a button on his helmet, and the thing unlocked. Carefully, All for One pried the helmet off.

Izuku stared in horror at the ropy mass of scars winding across the man’s face. “This is what your grand hero did to me,” All for One said, voice horrifically human with the mask off. “You see? He is a weapon the government wields against people they dislike, and no more.” He sounded a little breathless by the end of his short speech. Meticulously, he slotted the helmet back into place, and the steady breathing resumed.

Izuku only now realized he had taken several steps toward All for One in—what? Sympathy? Horror? Hastily, he backed up.

“All Might hurt you since you killed his mentor and a lot of other people,” he said, finding his mental footing. “That’s not wrong.”

“Oh?” All for One’s voice registered curiosity, and perhaps approval. “So you think it’s appropriate to kill when it’s pragmatic? How unheroic of you.”

“It’s not wrong if it saves lives,” Izuku hissed. “Think of all the people All Might stopped you from killing by hurting you like that.”

“As I said,” All for One reaffirmed. “Regardless, the Hero Commission will not take kindly to a child like you. Fighting the Hero Killer unlicensed? Defying laws to rescue your friend? You’re more likely to be called ‘villain’ than ‘hero.’ I am only warning you of the facts, child.”

“I’m going to help people,” Izuku snarled, “no matter what the Hero Commission says.”

“And I approve,” All for One said, quiet enough to be terrifyingly sincere. “But society won’t. I am not telling you to give up; I am telling you that the Hero Commission is what’s stopping you from helping people most effectively. Use that mind of yours and go into legal reform. Go to university. Go home. I am not fool enough to try and tempt you into villainy, but I would welcome you with open arms should you do so. Leave heroics behind and go somewhere that you will do actual good.”

Izuku clenched his fists. “There was a little boy. Kota. He would have

died in a villain attempt that *you* authorized if I hadn't been there. Don't tell me heroes do no good."

All for One took a step forward. "People die, Izuku. That's simple fact. That doesn't change how the Hero Commission will restrict you from doing real good." He was close now—too close. Izuku jerked away, too slow. "Think on it," the man murmured, laying a hand on Izuku's forehead.

Izuku was falling.

He twisted to avoid All for One and landed on his feet, glaring at the man. "Don't think you can shut me up like that!" he said, jabbing a finger at All for One, ignoring All Might's choked sounds behind him. "It's not going to work!"

"Clearly," All for One murmured, extending a hand to release a blast of air pressure that shredded Todoroki's oncoming ice wall. "You didn't think on it much, did you? Disappointing, for one of your intelligence."

"Right," Izuku snapped, throwing out his hand at All for One. "Field. Now." He should be more frightened, he realized, but he was in the middle of an argument on being a hero, and All for One was *wrong* .

"My boy," All Might called out, sounding broken.

Something in All for One's eyes hardened at the words. "Tomura, don't hurt this child," he said, glancing over his shoulder, before striding forward, the epicenter of killing intent.

Izuku rushed forward, One for All coursing through his veins. He aimed a 100% kick at All for One; he was not going to let one more person die in these loops, permanent or not.

Again, All for One warped Izuku above All Might, forcing Izuku to shut off One for All to avoid smashing All Might.

"What happened to asking before you warped?" Izuku shouted over the wind of falling. This time, he landed next to All Might and struck a fighting stance.

"If this is the only way to get you to turn off the Quirk that destroys

your body, then I'll continue to do it," All for One said, still advancing.

"Midoriya, run," All Might said, voice allowing no argument. "Get out of here."

It was an odd thing, Izuku thought, holding his ground, to watch All for One advance and know none of the killing intent was aimed at him.

A warp took Izuku in the chest, putting Izuku squarely behind All for One. Shigaraki glanced at him, startled, but had eyes only for his master.

Then All for One *attacked* .

The first air blast gouged a mile-long trench in the ground. The second air blast took All Might square in the chest, crumpling the hero to the ground. The third air blast, far, far gentler, knocked Izuku off-course from kicking All for One in the head.

Then it got personal. All for One's fingers grew talons, and they sliced All Might, deep and bloody.

Izuku picked himself up from the ground, stumbling. "Stop!" he shouted, begged. "Let me come with you again!"

Then, because no plea was good without a threat to back it up, he summoned every ounce of One for All into his arms. "Or I'll break myself punching you," he finished, because somehow that mattered to All for One.

All for One hesitated. Izuku charged.

A warp caught at his lungs, again, but this time, he emerged onto the same, empty field, All for One beside him.

Izuku let One for All drop, fury seething in his stomach. He knew he couldn't take All for One in a fight, but seeing what the man had done to All Might made Izuku want to try.

"Reset the loop," Izuku demanded instead. "Reset it now." He wasn't going to leave All Might suffering like he surely was any longer.

All for One looked up at him, something of his death aura still hanging off his shoulders. "You're not his," the man said, voice half-

dead, half-furious.

Izuku paused, taken aback. “What?”

“You’re not, and I quote, ‘his boy.’ You never were.”

“You almost killed All Might over that?” Izuku said, feeling sick. “You —how dare—that’s it. Reset the loop, *now* .”

“No,” All for One snarled. “We’re done looping. Let the medics hurry him away to the hospital and discover their precious Symbol of Peace is beyond help.”

“No,” Izuku said, “we are *not* done looping. Reset us, or I’m punching you with everything I’ve got.”

“With One for All, you mean?” All for One said, and Izuku’s world went rigid. All for One knew. He was going to die.

Something terribly cold lingered in All for One’s voice. “You won’t punch me, and you won’t rescue All Might.” He moved in. Izuku ducked under All for One’s first grab, but found himself helpless to the follow-up swipe of his legs out from under him. His head knocked stone, and everything went fuzzy. Aizawa would expel him just for not dodging that, Izuku thought through a heavy daze.

“Now,” All for One said, crouching over him, pinning his arms to the ground. Then he paused. “You’re hurt.”

Izuku tried to say something, but words were getting hard. “Mm. Ge’off. A’Mit.”

“You’re hurt badly,” All for One clarified, voice sharpening to a terrible point. He let go of one of Izuku’s arms to touch, snowflake light, the aching pulse on Izuku’s head.

Everything went white hot. Izuku screamed.

“You’re suffering traumatic brain injury from hitting your head on that rock,” All for One concluded, but Izuku was having trouble concentrating on the words. “I believe that I am to blame. Fear not, little Izuku. I’ll fix this.”

Cool fingers brushed Izuku’s forehead.

Izuku was falling.

By rote, he backflipped away from All for One's waiting arms. "What was that?" he demanded, a little wobbly with how clear and sharp the world was.

"You were dying," All for One murmured. "You hit your head very, very hard."

"Oh," Izuku said, and couldn't think of much more to say than that. He had been dying. All for One had saved him. "Why?"

All for One's helmet looked straight at Izuku for the first time this loop. "Because you are very precious, little Izuku."

All Might was screaming something, but Izuku was too caught up in his enemy's words to really register what All Might was saying. "Why me, though?" he asked. "I mean, I'm nobody, One for All aside, and that should just make you want to kill me *more*— ."

Black ooze drowned his lungs. Izuku staggered.

"You are not nobody to me," All for One said quietly, holding very still.

"Why?" Izuku said, shaken. He sat down because his legs were wobbly with the comprehension of how nearly he had died, and because he and All for One were well past projecting a strong front by now.

"Izuku," All for One said, still quiet, still motionless. "Tell me about your father."

Izuku blinked at the non-sequitur. "Why should you care? Why should I tell you?"

All for One said nothing.

Izuku stood up and paced. "You don't do non-sequiturs. You just don't. So you're bringing him up for a reason." He stiffened. "Are you threatening him?"

"No."

"Are you trying to tell me you know him?" Izuku asked, a pit in his stomach forming. "Is that why I'm 'not nobody' to you?"

“Not quite. Think, Izuku. You’re cleverer than this.” And still, All for One’s were carefully neutral, carefully slow.

A sickening idea came to Izuku. One that explained why All for One tried to kill All Might for calling Izuku “my boy.” One that explained why All for One prioritized Izuku’s recovery over All Might’s bloody death. One that was far, far too probable to ever accept.

Izuku’s breaths were coming out in short, pained gasps, now. All for One was holding him—when had the man even got there?—and letting Izuku cry into his chest.

No. No-no-no-no-no.

“Get away from me!” Izuku snarled, uselessly trying to shove the man away. “Go away, go away, go *away* !” His voice cracked on the last syllable.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you,” All for One said, stroking Izuku’s hair as if there was even the smallest of chances that it would calm Izuku down. “I’m afraid All Might got too close one day, and I left to protect you.” His voice sharpened into a tight snarl. “Little did I know that that man would come and capture you anyways.”

“He didn’t capture me,” Izuku said, since that was the only thing he was capable of addressing out of this entire horror show. “He offered. I said—“ he hiccuped from too many tears “—I said yes.” Tears and snot ran freely down his cheeks, and how, Izuku thought, hysterical, was he supposed to fight All for One now?

How was he supposed to *kill* All for One now?

“He offered to make you a child soldier to a government that only cares about power,” All for One hissed. “Your acceptance was foolish, but I suppose I should blame the system for telling you that only heroes had worth.” A cool hand tipped Izuku’s face up to meet the black mask. “Am I right?”

“No,” Izuku spat.

“Of course not,” All for One agreed, voice bitter. “Quirkless Deku, let’s torture him for years since he doesn’t have a Quirk. Quirkless Deku, let’s tell him to jump off a roof for fun. Quirkless Deku, let’s tell him his life means less than nothing because he can’t double the length of his fingernails. I should burn this whole country to the ground for teaching you that destroying yourself is an acceptable solution to

danger.”

He meant it, too. Izuku shuddered, deep and sick, under All for One’s hands.

“I thought you were doing fine in school,” All for One murmured, cupping Izuku’s cheeks as Izuku flinched away. “You stopped coming home with burns. But that’s only since you learned to hide them, yes?”

“Get. Off. Of. Me.” Izuku said, voice so flat that it scared even him.

All for One scooped Izuku up, and deposited him on cool grass. Izuku let it happen.

“I started a thorough investigation of your school life once I heard that one Bakugo Katsuki was still harassing you at UA,” All for One continued, looming, and wasn’t that terrifying that All for One had such intimate knowledge of UA?

Izuku’s brain had had too much. It had been too long of a night, and too much had happened, and he was done. He hugged his knees, hummed in the back of his throat to try and soothe himself, and generally tried to ignore All for One.

The man sighed, sat down beside Izuku, and pressed Izuku’s body close to his own.

Izuku tried pulling away, failed, and gave up.

“I was all too glad when Bakugo refused to join Shigaraki,” All for One murmured in his ear. “It gave me a reason to take him into my own hands. Then you had to come and rescue your childhood bully. Why did you do that?”

Izuku didn’t answer, throat too clogged with pain and grief.

“But I got to see you again,” All for One said, still quiet, “so it is a deal that I will take.”

Izuku shook his head, feeling his curls bounce at the movement, and decided to stare vacantly into the middle ground until his brain processed all of this.

Five minutes later, ten minutes later, fifteen minutes later, it still hadn’t taken, and All for One still hadn’t moved from his position at

Izuku's side.

Hours later, and still they sat there. In the distance, sirens screamed. They were probably looking for him, Izuku thought dully. There wasn't much chance of them finding him, and even less chance of them removing him from his father's control.

Silently, the two of them watched the sun rise together.

Equally silently, All for One warped them away, to who-knew-where. Izuku went limp and let himself be sucked through.

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